THE JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be generally fair.

In the future Warner Miller will be sure to regard Chauncey Depew as a pickled peach.

No doubt Mr. Addicks becomes a very angry man every time he consults his check book.

There were ticklish times when Hanna feared Foraker was going to rock the band wagon.

If Mr. Reed had the last six months to live over again, how many things would have been different!

Never mind the platform. McKinley can continue to wink significantly at those persons to whom he has written free silver letters.

Two free silver delegates from the State of Maine would indicate that the craze for the white metal is breaking out in a new place.

Mr. Foraker has performed his part of the contract. It remains to be seen whether or not Mr. McKinley can and will deliver the goods.

The makers of the St. Louis platform will doubtless be startled when they ascertain that they have actually succeeded in pleasing the New York Evening Post.

Mr. Platt and Senator Lodge made a spirited fight against the new Ohio Boss. Had it not been for the cowardice of Quay and the treachery of Manley there is no telling what might have happened at St. Louis.

When Congress reconvenes, next December, the Senate will contain thirty-nine Democrats, thirty-nine Republicans and eleven Populists and unattached silver men. Any change from these figures will be in the direction of a reduction of the Republican and an increase in the silver strength, for it is probable that those Senators from the silver mining States who refused to bolt yesterday, such as Brown, of Utah, and Carter and Mantle, of Montana, will be forced by their constituents to follow the lead of Teller. Republican control of the Senate, therefore, is already a thing of the past. That is the first works of the St. Louis Convention.

THE PLATFORM.

The declaration of principles of the Republican National Convention—colloquially called the platform—is, like most documents of its character, superficially engaging, even inspiring. Political platforms always are. They are as impeccable as a written constitution until put to the test.

It is the seemingly trivial things about a platform by which it must be judged. For example, there might be nothing significant per se about the fact that the Republicans neatly concealed their "money plank" in the middle of the platform, giving tariff, reciprocity, sugar, and even the rebuilding of the merchant marine prior place. But when we remember the violent struggle over this question of currency, when we recall that Mr. Platt has almost reinstated himself in the good graces of New York by his fight for gold, and that the sensation of the Convention was the retirement from the party of the free silver Republicans, it does seem that this belated effort to conceal and subordinate this prime issue is as ridiculous as it will prove impotent.

The platform, of course, goes on in flowing and mellifluous phrase to call for protection, that the dignity of American labor may be upheld—ignoring the notorious fact that the lowest wages are paid in protected industries. It eulogizes protection as stimulative of thrift—forgetting that thrift is bred of unaided effort, not of gratuities, governmental or otherwise. It promises aid to the American merchant marine, which under thirty years of the fostering care of the Republican party has become nearly non-existent. Pensions, of course, are promised lavishly, for the Republican party has always used pension promises as an adjunct to its campaign fund. There is promise of further development of the navy, which under Democratic Administrations, building on the foundation laid by William C. Whitney, has become so ...table a feature of our national estab... ...ment. And there is a non-commit- ...endence which seems to have taken the place of the regular demand for Irish Home Rule that in the gala days of the Hon. Patrick Egan and the Hon. Patrick Ford was a regular feature of Republican platforms. This year Ireland is forgotten in favor of Armenia and Cuba.

Where the Republican platform is not disingenuous it is silly. Where it fails to straddle it deals with matters of little import. It is a type of the degeneracy of the political platform, of the development of the art of expressing platitudes.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

William McKinley, Jr., nominated yesterday for President of the United States by Mark Hanna and 660½ Republican delegates to the St. Louis Convention, is fifty-two years old, a native of Ohio and a veteran of the civil war, in which he served with credit though not with distinction. He has been for two terms a member of Congress, for one term Governor of Ohio and once a bankrupt.

By those who best know him, Major McKinley's personal characteristics are described as wholly admirable—even lovable. The somewhat theatrical dignity he maintains in public is shown in private to be merely a pose. He is, it is fair to say, a thoroughly democratic citizen of the Republic, a man who even amid the press of circumstances which make him seem predestined to the highest place in the nation still arrogates to himself no personal sublimity nor deviates in any degree from the simple, provincial habits of life which have long characterized him. Against Major McKinley's political convictions may be arrayed a whole battalion of grave indictments. Against his personal character, not one. Even his bankruptcy sprung from a fault rather of his heart than of his head. But one must recall that in the White House the brain rather than the heart must command.

If McKinley the man be set aside and McKinley the statesman be judged, the verdict must be less complimentary. His name is identified with but one great fiscal measure—the so-called McKinley bill. There is no reason to doubt that this piece of legislation was drawn by a more veteran statesman than he, but McKinley acted the part of its champion in the House, and allowed his name to be attached to it. In effect it was a measure for the doubling of tariff taxation, and the popular antagonism to it was so widespread that the Congressman whose name was attached to the bill and the President who signed it were both retired, with striking emphasis, to private life. But now, by one of those curious revulsions of popular feeling, McKinley, whom even Republicans in 1892 disavowed, is become their candidate for the Presidency. More curiously still, they set him forth not with any indorsement of his famous tariff law, for they distinctly aver "We are not pledged to any particular schedules;" nor do they eulogize his financial wisdom, for that he has never expressed. Mr. McKinley is nominated simply because his name is widely known, his mouth is tightly shut, and a millionaire monopolist with money and time to spend has made it his business to force the nomination.

Therein lies the peril of this nomination. McKinley himself is neither strong enough nor weak enough to be dangerous. The agencies behind him are what make him a menace to the well being of the Republic. The millionaires who extricated him from a bankruptcy not discreditable to him have kept him in their clutches in a fashion which brings him only discredit. They would make him President not for his sake, but their own. He owes to them an allegiance, a duty which he cannot ignore. If he be installed in the White House, Hanna and his associates will abide there also.

Perhaps never have the American people been confronted by a situation so grave as this. Never has triumphant plutocracy been so insolently self-assertive as in the making of this Republican nomination. Mark Hanna, a most offensive type of the overbearing, conscienceless, dominant man of money bags, has forced upon the American people this politician who is weak in all matters in which he is not wrong. The National Republican Committee was dominated by Hanna. The Committee on Credentials was dominated by Hanna. The candidate was so wholly controlled by Hanna that he passed through the preliminary campaign silent as a sphinx. It is, in fact, Mark Hanna, iron founder and inveterate foe of organized labor, who is now candidate for President on the Republican ticket. Major McKinley, with all his excellent characteristics, is nothing but a puppet.

It will be well to keep this situation clearly in mind. As McKinley the candidate has been the marionette to dance when Hanna pulled the strings, so will be McKinley the President. The Journal will yet give its readers clearer and fuller reasons why Mark Hanna, the Cleveland millionaire, is unfit to be trusted with the suzerainty of the United States.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

One of the chief objections to Mr. Hanna's late convention was its lack of interest. There was one part of that body, however, against which no such charge can be brought with justice. It is hardly necessary to say that we refer to the New York delegation. Not only were the proceedings of our representatives full of interest at St. Louis, but the stock of entertainment laid in there is likely to last for months, if not years, at home, and to grow more absorbing all the time.

The convention lasted three days, in which time our delegation split into three parts, one per day. If the nomination of McKinley and Hobart had been delayed a little longer we should have had seventy-two separate and distinct Republican parties in the State of New York, not counting Governor Morton. As it is, we have:

1. Mr. Platt, gouging Mr. Depew out of the chairmanship of the delegation, and intimating, for the benefit of Mr. Miller, that when the latter's promised circus came off he could tell who the clown would be.

2. Mr. Depew, derailing Mr. Miller's plans and then remarking of Mr. Platt that "the man who presents his (Governor Morton's) name as a candidate for second place is a scoundrel," and specifying the kind of scoundrel.

3. Mr. Miller, threatening to "expose the whole infamous conspiracy" of Platt for the nomination of Morton, and characterizing Mr. Depew's withdrawal from the chairmanship contest without notice as an act that might have been expected of a loafer.

4. Brookfield, Bliss, Matthews, Quigg, Milholland, soldiers, peasants, slaves and unassorted supernumeraries, clustering about their various leaders and exchanging references to "liars," "scoundrels," "traitors" and 'sneaks."

The whole happy family is now on its way home, indulging in mutual felicitations on the nomination of McKinley and Hobart, with the harmony of a society of cats hanging over a clothes line. Take it all in all, there is no experience upon which a gentleman who does not mind being called a liar and a traitor by his associates can look back with more unalloyed delight than upon a trip to a Republican national convention as a delegate from New York.

WATTERSON'S BOMB.

There is a time for everything, and our own beloved Henry Watterson has found the time to make jingoism useful. Also the place. As a rule, flamboyant declamations about the power and glory of our country, and its ability to lick such other parts of creation as do not subscribe to its supremacy, grate upon the nerves of Americans of taste and judgment, to whom an attitude of dignified restraint is preferable. But there are some very queer notions afloat in England just now which Colonel Watterson is admirably qualified to dispel.

The idea really prevails there, for instance, as well as in Spain, that the South is only waiting its chance, like Poland or Ireland, to strike a blow for independence, and that it would rise to welcome a foreign invader. It tends to that enlightenment which is the best guaranty of peace to have a Southern man and an ex-Confederate tell the readers of an English paper that "the people of the South would welcome a foreign war because it would give them an opportunity to show their loyalty to the Union." There is melody in the eagle's screech when its voice tells of restored nationality.

Colonel Watterson's views of domestic politics are open to criticism. Distance, which lends enchantment to the view, does not lend accuracy. But when the Colonel tells the shocked London reporter that "we are a vast imperial Republic, and we mean to be respected and felt among nations," he strikes a note to which every genuine American heart will respond. He should have explained, however, that when he said that we intended "absolutely to control and dominate in American affairs," and that our word should be law, he did not mean to imply any interference on our part with the independence of our sister American Republics.

An evening contemporary has made the remarkable discovery that "the reign of bossism is over," that "its doom is sealed," and that "henceforward we will have leadership—the will of the people carried out by leaders of their own free selection, untainted by corruption, unfettered by intimidation." All this apropos of the fact that for the first time in American history the little State bosses have been crushed by a huge national boss, whom the people never heard of until they found that subterranean intrigue and the lavish purchase of delegates had made him their "leader." Mr. Hanna, it seems, "has grandly reflected the character and the aims of his noble chief." Consequently, look at Hanna, ...inley as in a mirror. ...t.

Some After Sketches of the Late Convention.

St. Louis, June 17.—No, this is not Oom Paul Krueger. It is Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio. Mr. Grosvenor is a public man, as one may see by the lavish fashion in which he is upholstered about the second story. Yes, Mr. Grosvenor is a public man; probably the most public man of which there is any history. Mr. Grosvenor tries to keep himself within the reach of all, and bar periods of unusual inflation, when thinking of what he has done for McKinley, he succeeds in doing so. The other evening Mr. Hanna jollied Mr. Grosvenor

rudely. Mr. Hanna is uncouth and has none of the finer graces. He overheard Mr. Grosvenor reluctantly confessing that McKinley would never have been heard of if it hadn't been for him (Grosvenor), when Hanna broke into the conversation.

"Your part Grosvenor," said the brutal Mr. Hanna, "your part in the success of McKinley reminds me of the share I took as a boy back in Columbiana County, in my father's haying."

"And what, pray, was that share?" said Mr. Grosvenor, who expected those compliments from Mr. Hanna which his work and service warranted. "What was the share you took in your father's haying, Mr. Hanna, which reminds you of my service in this McKinley campaign?"

"I rode out to the field," said Mr. Hanna, "on the empty wagon and rode back on the load. Beyond that and having lots to say my service did not go." Then Mr. Hanna laughed low and mockingly.

Mr. Grosvenor is a great friend to newspaper men, and they wouldn't know what to do without him. Every night, fearful they may be short of items wherewith to deck their columns, Mr. Grosvenor visits all of his young proteges of the press and gives them an interview already written, with himself. This is a great boon and endears him to the gallery of correspondents at Washington. Mr. Grosvenor's interviews thus written by himself are called by newspaper folk "hot stuff," and are preferred to kindle fires with. In the picture it will be observed that Mr. Grosvenor's hat is rapidly losing control of the situation, and that his head has quite escaped its influence. This copiousness on the part of Mr. Grosvenor's head is recent in its appearance, and comes from deep cogitation over McKinley and his promotion to the Presidency. When McKinley is in Mr. Grosvenor is to be the White House Royal Gazeybo, an office of moment and honor. The Royal Gazeybo, beside dubbing about generally, takes charge of the White House Christmas tree as Kris Kringle, a role for which Mr. Grosvenor is fitted by nature and for which he will not have to make up. In the House of Representatives Mr. Grosvenor fills a long felt want. The fact that his constituents made a Congressman out of Mr. Grosvenor is often seized on by his fellow-members to explode the claim that one cannot make something out of nothing. Mr. Grosvenor is said to look like Senator Stewart, and Stewart gets very much enraged when it is spoken of.

Mr. Grosvenor looks forward to be some day Governor of Ohio. He believes that if Hanna and Foraker, and Sherman and Foster, and McKinley would die the way to success would lie open before him. Perhaps it would, though many argue that in addition to all these funerals the State of Ohio would have to be completely off its guard. Mr. Grosvenor fought through the war and was severely wounded by a mule, whose scope, or radius rather, he, for a moment overlooked.

This is the Hon. Griff Prather, one of the leading members of the catfish aristocracy of the Missouri bottoms. Mr. Prather, besides being National Committeeman, is a Democrat of much energy and fury, and how Mr. Davenport came to draw Mr. Prather's picture while chasing such things as Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. Mead and those other Republicans we print, is too many for me. Mr. Prather must have lost his way; got into the wrong political pew. Mr. Prather is peculiar in this: he does not have a face; he has a visage. Mr. Prather's

visage is the hue of an over-ripe violin. Many strangers, as they see Mr. Prather for the first time, take him to be a retired pirate. This does Mr. Prather wrong. He is not a pirate; he is simply an earnest politician who is on to his job. Mr. Prather has been studying up on the silver question. He will be heard from the stumps this Autumn, and says he's organized to make the whole question of finance look like ten cents worth of lard in a paper bag. The other day when I met Mr. Prather he was dilating on a banquet given in his honor the night before.

"Greatest banquet I ever attended," declared Mr. Prather.

"What did they have to eat?" I asked.

"Eat!" replied Mr. Prather, and I could see that he resented the idea with scorn, "Eat! They didn't have nothing to eat, why should they? They just drank the whole time. Greatest banquet I ever see, I tell you!"

This is Mr. Meade, of New York State. Mr. Meade is looking anxiously in the mirror which you note on the wall to see if the barber took his customary pound of flesh, or no. There is an al fresco look to Mr. Meade, which is well founded in fact. Mr. Meade is great for out-door exercise, and his long suit is riding a bicycle. As you see him in the picture, Mr. Meade has just returned from a spin out to Shaw's Gardens and back, and the exercise has left Mr. Meade in a jovial glow. Mr. Meade is, of course, a Republican, and a protectionist, as one can tell by his wide spreading frame, and any one who may have supposed that Mr. Meade was for free silver, 16 to 1, has only to glance at Mr. Meade's head to see at once what an ass he's been. Mr. Meade is very fond of Byron, and will repeat his verses for hours. Mr. Meade, however, declares that Byron is a better poet for pedestrians; the bicycle does not fit the genius of the great song maker's stanzas. This dawned on Mr. Meade about two weeks ago, one evening as he came scorching up to his humble cot. Mr. Meade's dog was pervading the yard at the time, and on the spur of the moment took Mr. Meade for something else, possibly a cow, and barked at him.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and grow brighter when we come.

Thus sang Mr. Meade. It was at this point the dog began mixing it up with Mr. Meade and his bicycle. The dog became interwoven, as it were, with the front wheel of the vehicle and Mr. Meade got

off hurriedly on his head. The truth is that is what makes Mr. Meade's hair look so, and appear to be such a prey to anxiety. Since this sad experience Mr. Meade has decided that Byron and bicycling have nothing in common, and of late he sort of snags on to Tennyson, who speaks of the "cycle of Cathay."

This gentleman with the deep baritone face is ex-Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana. He stands in that position for hours, and thinks of the mocking birds and the alligators and other loved things that his infancy knew. But you must not get balled up by the rapt, poetic expression on Mr. Warmoth's countenance. He is not in a trance; nor yet a fit. On the contrary, he's about as sudden, not to say as soon, a citizen as ever wore a gun. No winged insects perch on Mr. Warmoth; no, indeed. That fly was never so weakminded that he attempted to pasture himself on Warmoth.

As a rule, a Louisiana politician is so full of the sugar question that its exudation make him sticky to the touch. Mr. Warmoth is an exception, and folks who have been next to him report that he is so smooth and his plate glass to easy to him. Mr. Warmoth is an original McKinley man, and for two weeks. He even went to the extent of preparing a nomination speech for McKinley's exaltation in case the Foraker fanned out, fell down, slipped, or turned in to give the Canton man the double cross. Happily, Mr. Warmoth's speech was not needed. The following excerpt delivered by Mr. Warmoth, "if in private may give one a notion of its style and force:

"If McKinley," remarked Mr. Warmoth at one crisis in his speech, "if McKinley were as much superior to the Cleveland physically as he is mentally, he could seize that ponderous statesman by his foot, and, whirling him with one hand about his head, cast him far beyond the circle of the earth's attraction; while with the other hand he could hold up to his eye a glass so powerful that he could see the flying publicist's uttermost in the arms through interminable planetary space."

But it never got spellbinding. Mr. Warmouth in the Convention, and it didn't went to sleep all undelivered in a swipe chamber of the possible. And ...ch, Cicero and a few other old-time ... that were let out of a bad box when the horse at ... If Mr. Warmouth had ever had ... at the Convention with that spe... ...ro, and Demosthenes and people o... ...rt would have looked like a lot of ... ...tioneers.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

Information for the People.

Changing Names.

Editor Journal:
(1) At what city department can a young man not quite twenty-one years old have his name changed? (2) Will I have to employ a lawyer? (3) Will it cost any money? If so, how much? (4) Must I wait until I am twenty-one?
J. K. L.

(1) Petition the City Court of New York. (2) We advise you to do so. (3) From $5 to $10. (4) No.

Criminal Use of Assumed Name.

Editor Journal:
I am twenty-two years of age and have a very hard name to pronounce; but I assumed another name many years ago. (1) Was it a crime to do so without the court's consent? (2) I am about to apply for a public position. By swearing to the assumed name in the application for position, do I commit perjury?
JOHN MORTOVEVITCH.
New York, June 10.

(1) No. (2) Yes.

Shutting Off Light and Air.

Editor Journal:
Can the party in the rear of me close up my windows and shut out the air and sunlight, rendering my place almost worthless? I have wire screens on and was going to put shutters on, but they have boarded it up, and it's suffocating. Can I make them take them down?
RESIDENT OF NO. 300 AINSLIE STREET.
Brooklyn, June 9.

From your statement, which shows no deed of a right to light and air, or of a right gained by twenty years' adverse use, your neighbor can legally shut off your light and air, if he uses his own property only in so doing.

Cousins' Rights in Pennsylvania.

Editor Journal:
In the case of an estate, real and personal, in Pennsylvania, left by will to the legal heirs under the laws of that State, with no relatives, excepting first, second and third cousins, would all the relatives share alike in the distribution or would first cousins take precedence?
R. HOOPER, 1430 Hollin street.
Baltimore, June 9.

First cousins take to the exclusion of second and third cousins.

What 16 to 1 Is.

Editor Journal:
What is the meaning of the phrase 16 to 1 so frequently seen in the newspapers and which ratio of silver to gold is advocated by the silverites.
A DAILY READER AND A POLITICIAN.

A gold dollar had in the year 1800 24¾ grains of pure gold and the silver dollar 371¼ pure silver. That is, 15 grains of silver to 1 of gold. The bimetallists now say Let us have 16 grains of pure silver to 1 of pure gold in a dollar. That would be utterly fraudulent, because 1 grain of pure gold is much more valuable now and has long been so, than 16 grains of pure silver.

The "Great Eastern."

Editor Journal:
(1) When was the "Great Eastern" built, and (2) when launched, and (3) when did she come to America?
Brooklyn, June 10.

(1 and 2) Begun 1854; completed 1859; (3) 18...

Second Will Revokes the First.

Editor Journal:
After my grandfather's death I found two wills in an envelope. The first will leaves everything to my brothers and sisters and myself in equal shares; the last one leaves a certain amount of money to a woman who is a perfect stranger, and my brother and sister ... receive an equal share, but, after looking ... his bank books, we find that he only has ... much as he leaves to the woman. He also leaves a desk and table to the woman. The lawyer, through mistake, filed the first will, and, ... instructing me to sell the furniture, I did so, ... keeping some of it for ourselves; also the table and desk mentioned, and paid the executor for everything. (1) Now, since they have to file the ... last will, can they compel us to give up the ... things? (2) As we are the only relations that ... he had in this world, can we make it so the woman don't get anything?
CH... H. L.
June 9.

(1) Yes. (2) No.

Safe from Austrian Military Service.

Editor Journal:
Dear Sir—I came to the United States when I was eighteen years of age, ... have subsequently become a citizen, an... now I intend to return to my native land. ... is the Government under which I was b... any right to draft me into her army wh... though I am a citizen of the United States? Kindly inform me what steps I have to take to have my citizen paper certified to, and oblige
AUSTRIAN.
New York, May 26.

The treaty between the United States of America and Austro-Hungary, September 20, 1870, establishes this: If ... Austrian has resided in this country uninterruptedly at least five years, and during such residence has become a naturalized citizen of the United States of America, he shall be ... by the Government of Austria and Hungary to be an American citizen and treated a...

Apply directly to ... Secretary of State at Washington for your pap...

Sunday ... Rights of Clubs.

Editor Journal:
(1) Has a char... club the right to sell liquors to the members ... Sunday and receive money for the same? (2) ... is the best way for the club on Sunday? (3) Should each member have a key for the ... rooms? This club was organized October ... 1894, and incorporated May 21, 1896.
New York, June ...

(1) Yes. (2) ... is good. (3) No.

Yes.

Editor Journal:
Can an ex-soldier having a soldier's license to hawk, vend and peddle sell his own goods at public vendue or at auction?
S. F.
Lebanon, Pa., May 25.

Selling Firecrackers.

Editor Journal:
1. ... can I obtain a license to sell firecrackers at ...? 2. Where must I find out and how much ... I pay? 3. Can I sell firecrackers before the Fourth, if I have a license?
ANDY BOY.
N... York, June 10.

1. ... Commissioners Fire Department. 2. Their ... No. 157 East Sixty-seventh street. 3. ...

Lexicography Here and Abroad.

Editor Journal:
Sir—Under the caption "A British Failure" there appeared in your issue of May 12 an editorial, in the course of which it was claimed ... Dr. Murray and the Clarendon Press announce that their projected Great English Dictionary ... "will have to take breath and wait for funds." I shall feel obliged if, in justice to Dr. Murray and his associates, you will kindly give publicity to the following statement clipped from the London Academy, May 23, 1896: "We are asked to state that the preparation of the New English Dictionary is being continued, statements to the contrary notwithstanding, on the lines originally laid down by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press."

That Her Britannic Majesty's government should allow the progress of such a national work to be impeded for want of financial assistance is not to be seriously entertained. It is certain that should funds be needed the Government would come forward and vote a subsidy sufficiently large to permit of the satisfactory completion of the undertaking.

Your eulogistic remarks on the American publishers will doubtless be echoed and re-echoed throughout this broad land. Probably in no other country has lexicography received so much attention as it has in the United States. The dogged determination of publishers to succeed in their undertakings is responsible for the production of such marvels of enterprise as the recently completed Standard Dictionary. This work, the latest in the lexicographic series, has apparently revolutionized the art of dictionary making as practised by the Sage of Fleet Street and the Schoolmaster of the Republic.

FRANK A. VIZETELLY.

Prospective Economy.

[Providence Journal.]

Mr. Cleveland can probably save the expense this year of a special wire from the Convention hall at Chicago to his cottage on Buzzard's Bay.

An Art Query.

[Detroit Tribune.]

Now that Chicago has had its mud storm and St. Louis its cyclone, cannot this straining after roccoco effects cease?

An Oversight.

[Chicago Record.]

It is doubtless merely an oversight that the railroads have not yet begun issuing excursion rates for the round trip to Canton, O.

Investigations Into Methods of Dying.

These are not old women's stories. They are told seriously by a Cambridge professor, who has promised, if possible, to transmit his own method of dying when his hour strikes.

What might be termed "the fun of dying" is described by Professor Frederick W. H. Myers, although he does not so entitle his paper. On the contrary, it bears the imposing head "Indications of Continuous Knowledge of Terrene Events Shown by Phantasms of the Dead."

These are the experiences of two gentlemen, one a Dr. Wiltsee, a physician of strong speculative tendencies; the other a French scientist. Dr. Wiltsee lay at the point of death, attended by two physicians, and, so to say, had died. Although speechless and in a comatose state, the dying man felt a peculiar movement in his toes. It was as if a thousand strings were parting.

"Aha!" he thought. "I am going; I'll watch myself go." Then, like the shortening of an India rubber cord, he felt himself creeping upward, until at last he was all in his head. Much interested in himself, he took the opportunity of exploring his skull with scientific interest. But he was not able to stay long, and presently he crept out of a little crack in his skull.

As he was doing this he observed that there was a short distance only between his head and the knees of two ladies sitting there, and he wondered if he would find room to get out. However, he did so, and although he immediately expanded, he was not cramped. His immediate chagrin was to discover that he had no clothes on, and with a perfectly worldly instinct, he hastily made for the door. He looked back meantime and then he saw his body on the bed.

How white and blue his face looked! It was quite shocking, when he himself felt so free, so light and jolly. There were two women crying beside it. He did not recognize them then, but he has since learned that they were his wife and sister. Being still naked, he got out of the door. There he was surprised to find himself, much larger and clothed. He looked down with gratification at these clothes, which seemed to be of some nice sort of Scotch goods. Presently he found that he was looking at a seam in his coat, directly down his back. "How is that? How can I see myself behind?" he asked himself. But looking around he found that a fine cord still held him to the body indoors, and that, in fact, he was still making use of the two wide, staring eyes on the bed there.

Presently he found himself on a secluded walk. Yes, he thought, I'm now on my final journey, but as people are dying every twenty minutes, I'll sit down and wait for somebody to come along. As nobody came, he concluded that he had a private road of his own, and started on. After some time he saw two tentacles come out of the ether and touch him on the forehead. He was made to know that if he passed on he would be irretrievably dead. But who would barter this delightful freedom to go back to earth? He was enveloped in a black cloud. He knew no more until he found himself once again in the stiff, cold body. Two physicians were bending over him preparing to inject ether, a contemplated experiment. His first words were forbidding it, the sound of his voice changing the grief of his family to terror. As his strength permitted, he told this story which the physicians immediately took down, and vouch for to Professor Myers.

The story of the French scientist is laid in the Alps. He was overcome by fatigue while conducting a party of students. The party went on after making him comfortable in the snow. While seated he had an apoplectic stroke. Of this he was conscious. He felt himself getting rigid.

"Here goes," he thought; "I'm dead.'

H felt himself ascending. How buoyant and free! The sensation of lightness was delightful. He was not afraid, nor uncertain; only happy.

"I'll see how they're getting along," he thought. Up he soared. There they were. The guide had disobeyed instructions. He was following, not leading, and what!—a chicken bone was in his hand; he was drinking the Madeira. He had pillaged the lunch basket. Then he looked afar.

"There goes my wife to Lucerne. She told me she was not going." But nothing mundane could disturb a man disencumbered of his body. If it had not been for a vexing string that held him to that thing below seated in the snow, he would have been perfectly happy. Meanwhile the string began to twitch. He found himself being drawn surely down. He looked; they were bending over his body chafing his limbs, prying open his mouth. What nonsense! If they would only cut the string. They did not. He found himself swallowed.

When speech returned his first word was to charge the guide, expecting to be thanked for restoring him, with stealing the lunch.

"Then Monsieur must have been with the devil. Only a devil could have seen through the mountain."

M. S. H.

The Jesters' Chorus.

Customer—Do you guarantee that this parrot will swear like a trooper?

Dealer—If that parrot can't use more cusswords to the minute than any trooper that ever lived, bring it back and I'll eat it.

Customer (sotto voce, as he leaves triumphantly)—Now we'll see whether or not that minister stays to dineur again!—Kansas City World.

"Yes, I was scared," rejoined the burglar, who had fallen into a reminiscent mood. "I thought I must certainly be discovered after that, but happily nobody came near me except the lady of the house, who couldn't see any one to whom she had not been introduced."—Detroit Tribune.

"I don't know why you should have selected this particular site for a Summer hotel," said a newly arrived guest to the landlord who was an old acquaintance. "It strikes me as a very warm place."

"That may be," replied the landlord. "But you will find the proper temperature has been obtained. The waiters are all girls from the Boston colleges."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Billson—I know where you can find a remarkably cheap piano mover.

Briggs—How did you discover him?

Billson—I let my piano rent get behind.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"It is a peculiar trait of the American people," said the shrewd observer, "that they always want most what they think they are least likely to get."

"Do you feel sure of that?" inquired the politician.

"Certainly."

"Then perhaps I had better send for a representative of the newspapers and decline that nomination again."—Washington Star.

"I know it's pretty expensive to pay $7.50 for a box of cigars," said Rivers, handing a ten-dollar bill to the tobacconist and waiting for his change, "but the Fourth of July is coming on, and I shall simply enter the item in my expense account as 'fireworks.' I'd rather spend my money to help Cuba than China, anyhow."—Chicago Tribune.